

FOR FULL PARTICULARS of the late Major Jewer's funeral—Territorial Topics—Scotch Bob—and many other interesting news items, SEE THIS WAR CRY.

THE

NEXT WEEK.—A Red Hot Appeal, by Mrs. Major

Friedrich, of Spokane, also the popular song "Two Little Girls in Blue."

WAR

CRY



VOL. XI. No. 44. [WILLIAM BOWTH, General of the G.A. & S. Army throughout the world.] TORONTO, AUG. 3, 1895. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Correspondent for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

SOLD HIS LORD, AND LOST HIS SOUL,

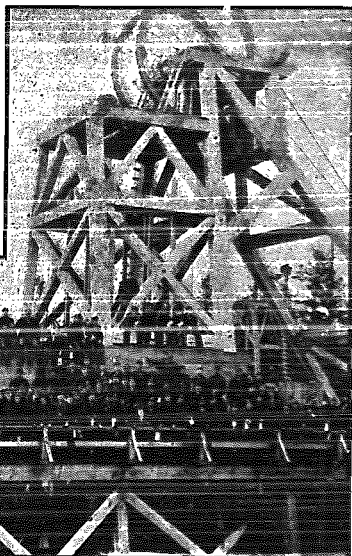


For Thirty Pieces of Silver!

◆ THE ◆

BLACK DIAMOND CITY.

NANAIMO CORPS HISTORY.



A GROUP OF MINERS, at Protection Island Shaft, Nanaimo.

THE next officer, Captain Gordon, was assisted by Lieutenant (now Captain) Ella Comstock. While they were in charge,

Staff-Captain Cox

and her A.D.C. visited Nanaimo, and an officers' council was held. Crowds attended the meetings, and this woman-warrior, who has been the means of blessing and helping thousands, won her way into the hearts of many who do not often come to the barracks.

The Hindoo march and meeting was an especial success, all the Const. officers taking part. God bless Staff-Captain Cox. Her visit will not soon be forgotten by the Nanaimo people.

Two more officers, who have done their share in helping along the Salvation war in this place, are our old friends, Lieutenants Collett and Gooding—the former now a Captain in London Division, Ontario, and the latter in now Captain Gooding, of Prince Albert.

The next officer in charge was Captain Sarah Smith, during whose stay the present S. A. barracks was built, and on February 12th, 1894, formally dedicated by Brigadier Margotta.

Captain Smith is noted, wherever she goes for devising many original and unique special marches and meetings, whereby those people who are not "caught" by the ordinary methods may be lured to the meetings in the barracks. One night

A "Runaway" March

was arranged. After the open-air on the usual street corner, the Captain suddenly, called out, "Everybody come," and the officers and soldiers started to run to the barracks one way, the bandmen, for their practice, in another.

No small commotion was caused on the main streets, and someone who saw them running immediately gave the alarm of fire. In a few minutes both fire bells were ringing, and crowds of people surrounded the barracks, supposing it to be on fire. The excitement was so great that some whose imaginative powers were extraordinarily strong, declared that they could smell the smoke, which of necessity must be somewhere in the building.

Of course it was a mistake, and placed the Salvationists in rather a ludicrous position, but the

"Nanaimo Free Press"

explained it fully afterwards.

Though the city has seen two very large fires during the past year, we can thank God that our barracks has been preserved, and we pray that it will ever be permitted to remain as a place where sinners meet with Him a pardoning Saviour.

After nearly a year of noble,

prayerful toil, Captain Smith farewell from Nanaimo for New Westminster, and was succeeded by Captain Emma Patton, of Victoria, with her assistant Lieutenant (now Captain) Ada Thomas. God wonderfully blessed and used these two during their stay in the city.

Several were converted, and the soldiers led into a higher standard of liberty and light.

After some months' fighting, the Captain's health, which had been failing, almost broke down, and she farewell for Minneapolis, where she is now on furlough.

Lieutenant Thomas was promoted to assist Adjutant Archibald at the District Headquarters, and Captain Collett took charge.

She fought alone, until joined by Lieutenant Carroll, of Manitoba, who is still doing her best to help seek the lost, with the aid of Captain Magie Cowan, at the time of writing, in charge. God bless them!

We must not omit mentioning a branch of work that is not only progressing, but the corps to-day is reaping the fruit of seeds sown in years gone by, viz.,

The Junior Soldiers' Brigade.

Not long after the formation of the corps, a work was begun amongst the children, which, under many different leaders, has grown and flourished. Of the number that have learned to love and serve Jesus at the little Junior meetings we with pleasure state the fact that some are taking their stand as true soldiers.

Sister Joseph Sage, one of our lassie

fighters whom God has saved and blessed, was transferred into the senior corps after being a junior for some years, and our band-lasse, Bessie Diamond, also started for heaven while young.

Another special line of work taken up here by the S. A. is the visiting of the hospital and jail. The corps is

A Veritable "League of Mercy"

in itself. Once a week, either officers



NANAIMO, from Bay View Hotel

or soldiers go laden with War Cry and words of cheer to those who are kept prisoners by sickness and disease, and many a loving word has been spoken for the Master which will bring forth fruit some day.



FAMILIAR FACES in the career of the Nanaimo corps.

Every other Sunday morning the brass band, officers and soldiers march to the city jail, and hold a red-hot salvation meeting amongst prisoners. Several sin-stained hearts have there found deliverance from Satan's chain.

The War Cry, here and everywhere else, are eagerly looked for, the Nanaimo people know how to appreciate good reading and S. A. publications are always welcomed by our friends. We look forward to the time when they will be seen in every home.

Readers elsewhere will have read of the warm-hearted reception the Nanaimo citizens gave our dear General on his visit to our city. We felt it a great honor to have him in our midst and look into his face, for possibly the only time in our corps history. One disadvantage that we have here is that owing to the great distance from Headquarters our dear General cannot visit us as often as we would like, but a loyal and true-hearted welcome always awaits them here.

That it may be one whose influence in the cause of our God will ever increase, and whose fidelity will be the means of winning numberless souls for the Saviour's crown, is the prayer of each soldier.

JAMES SLACK.

Vancouver, B.C.,
Did a Special Thing.

KEEP OUT OF "RUTS"

We keep out of ruts and employ every lawful means to attract sinners to our meetings.

On Thursday night we presented the ten virgins. Five sisters dressed in white, and five in black, representing the wise and foolish, each carrying a lamp. The march caused a great sensation, attracting a tremendous crowd to our open-air stand. After songs and testimonies, we proceeded to the barracks, where, in spite of a ten cent charge at the door, we had a large and appreciative audience.

The parable was presented in truly Scriptural style. The lights were turned down in the hall, the ten virgins assumed sleep on the platform, which was fixed up for the occasion, the band played softly, while the soldiers sang, "Trim your lamps and be ready for the midnight cry."

When the roll came they all arose and trimmed their lamps, but the foolish virgins' lamps had all gone out.

While they were seeking for oil the wise virgins went out to meet the bridegroom, going into an ante-room on the side of the platform; then the foolish, once came along and tried the door, but they were TOO LATE.

After knocking and pleading to get in, and slapping. Too late! too late! mercy gone! They all came back on the platform, wise and foolish together, and entered into a testimony meeting, with a stirring appeal to everyone to get ready. Although we had no results, we saw conviction on many faces, and we believe that the necessity of seeking salvation was impressed on many hearts. The meeting was a credit to Capt. Miner and the sisters who ably assisted her—"Hubert."

Three first days of September,
And last of August, too,
Are now the Settled H.F. dates
The whole Dominion through.



PICK UP SPOKANE Headquarters' Notes.

Oh, What a Change!

All our U. S. corps, two R. C. corps are farreaching. Ensign Edgcombe and Cadet Morrie are appointed to Helena; Capt. Ramsdell and Lieut. L. Zelnath, of Spokane, go to Victoria; Capt. Stevens and Lieut. Lester, Butte, to Spokane; Capt. McIndoe and Lieut. C. Zelnath, Helena, to Great Falls; Capt. and Mrs. Gillette, Great Falls, to Missoula; Capt. Miller goes to Nainaimo, and Capt. Cowan to Vancouver; Lieut. Quant to Nainaimo; Lieut. Anderson to Vancouver; Capt. Corlett to Butte, assisted by a Cadet.

Caroling Round.

The Major has just had a trip to B. M., visiting all the corps, and returning via Klamath, Revelstok, and Nelson, scouts these towns, and comes into Spokane over the G. F. & N. Railway, through the great mining district of the trail country.

65 Miles, Sir.

The Ensign spent Saturday and Sunday at Griffith's Corner outpost, at a camp meeting. About 50 or 60 soldiers were present, as well as that many sinners. Nineteen soldiers drove over 65 miles to be present. The meetings were held in a little grove on Crab Tree Creek, near Brother Lavender's ranch. It was a miracle where all the soldiers and people came from. It's a very dry, dusty and barren prairie country, and not a house within sight; still, we have a nice barracks all alone in its glory on the prairie, with a good number of soldiers in that vicinity.

"Do as You are Told and Don't Argue."

The work has had a set-back thro' the evil of wrong doctrine, and the proper overlooking of the outpost by suitable officers. But still they are a live concern, and should be on the feet after sinners and Satan red hot. Two got saved, and five sought, and we believe, found a closer walk with God. One mother who had come fourteen miles cried and laughed for joy when her boy got saved.

Hurrah! Mein Deutcher Bruder.

A German brother and his wife were a whole team. He testified usually three or four times in every meeting, and prayed in his own language like a steam windmill. He rejoices in having his German name translated in English to be Panacea.

Good for the Osbornes.

It was quite touching to see the two Osbourne brothers link arms and sing together; and would only speak their father stopped up and put his arms around them, and said, "These are my two beloved sons, in whom I am well pleased."

"With Both Feet now."

A savel cowboy, and a bartender, and a man who used to be a crack jumper for the devil, all pitched in, laughing the devil, drinking of the waters of life, and jumping on the devil with both feet. Brother Binkley and wife, formerly a newspaper editor, are proper warriors. Mrs. S. read the lesson and he testified three or four times in one meeting.

All Hail.

Bro. Bradley, an old Wamer from Way back, who has been the parson of the district around Harville, was all played out, and could only speak with great hesitations. He's an old war horse and loves the fight. Though we had great odds against us, we all got a big lift in our souls, and went home feeling in great joy.

Chink!
Chink!!
Chink!!!
... Oh, horror!

The infernal echo of the sound of those thirty pieces of blood-money must be ringing deep into his poor soul to-day.

To turn a deaf ear to the last sweet warning of grace to reject the Source of goodness—to quench the Spirit's stirrings—to put out the inward light, leaving blank darkness—to lay the temple of the soul open to the Gloom of Hell—to go down, a naked spirit, into the desolation of Eternal Despair—to feel the frown of Omnipotent Love towards inveterate Sin, must be profoundly awful! Who CAN imagine the writhing anguish of eternal, self-chosen Sin in the full-felt presence of the transcendent and infinite holiness of the Omnipotent Jehovah? Oh! dire, dread doom, unutterably awful to any lost soul, but still more awful to the man who, after having companied with the Incomparable Life, turned coquettishly to embrace this rank skeleton of eternal apostasy—welling his Redeemer for THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER!

Come up from the utter darkness, oh, thou lost man! Speak, from the flames of unquenchable fire—as would have done Dives—and warn thy brethren of the human race; and specially protest, from thy winding sheet of dripping flame, against the sheer madness of those who are imperilling their eternal interests for the like of a paltry THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER.

Al! what is it thou sayest, Is-carlot? Thou wert once sincere—trusting? Once denied self—took up thy cross—followed Jesus—sought His interests—ran well—forsook a moneyer's, self-centered existence to lay up treasures in Heaven—wert candidate and accepted for Apostleship? How then is it thou didst go to the deep depths of perfidious treachery, even to touching that wan cheek with the assumed kiss of former communion? Think what privilege was thine. Thou didst dwell in the light of Heaven's Brightest Jewel. Thou didst gaze at the Very Excellence of the moral law in human form. Thou didst sip with the Lord of Heaven and Earth—and thou knewest it was so, though His mysterious Personality was hidden under the form of a mere man. Why didst THOU betray Him?

Some vowed they could now be out-and-outers among their friends where before they had been shy. May God bless all the dear soldiers of the Big Bond Company and Griffith's Corner, and send a shepherd to look after you! We should have some candidates from Hartline and Voorhees soon. The Ensign is endeavoring to organize another edition of "The Army" at Spokane. You'll hear our sweet music soon. F.E.S.

A SWARM OF FLIES.

Fly from self, and fly from sin, Fly the world's tumultuous din; Fly its pleasures, fly its cares, Fly its friendships, fly its snares. Fly the sinner's hastening doom, Fly and 'scape the wrath to come. Fly to Jesus—He's the road— Fly through Him alone to God. Fly to mercy's gracious seat, Fly 'tis sorrow's last retreat; Fly to Christ, in deepest grief, Fly, and you shall find relief. Fly, and let your wings be love, Fly, and stretch your flight above; Fly while life and grace are given, Fly from hell and fly to Heaven. —English Cry.

Was it SO?

Conscience waned—secret prayer relaxed—the holy truth from God in the Scriptures neglected—eyes once fixed on Jesus taken off—old fire of love dying—furtive glances at worldly enjoyments—the desire for them growing—ambitions again centering in Self—the fighting against Conscience—the deliberate rejection of the Spirit's voice—the set purpose to drop Him and His and feed Self—the deceiving thought that even He could be mastered to your own base passion, for He would soon exert His power to free Himself—then the dark thoughts cherished—planned—fully carried out—then—

Reader of the above, I solemnly appeal to you in the name of the Most High God, search out the nature of your standing before God. WHERE ART THOU?

"Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Are you founded there? Is all your hope for time and eternity taken completely off position, rank, name, prayers, sacraments, forms, organizations, titles, human merit, will, effort, works, yea, off all but Him, and are you absolutely and forever committed to Christ as All and in All in your salvation?

Again, is that commitment taken to your immort being by the presence of a new Divine nature, all love, imparted to you by the Spirit of God, making love—Divine love—the source of all your outward life and action? And is the effect of this new nature exhibited to others in your departure from iniquity, your fixed, unalterable purpose to do the will of God and an actually Divine life, patterned after that of Christ, lived before their very eyes?

Suffer the word of exhortation while we seek again, IS IT SO WITH YOU?

—If not, beloved, thank God for you the die is not cast. You, certainly, are on the verge of eternity. "Seek ye the Lord," seek, nor rest, till you see your every sin on Jesus laid, and for you, thro' His sacrifice at Calvary, salvation and life everlasting freely provided.

If you fail to seek Him, there may yet some other lost soul see the terrible, clanging echo of those material things for which you bartered your eternal interests, telling to your unwilling ears the story of your folly while the ages of eternity roll.

JOHN COMPLIN.

HARRY NOKES IN JAIL.

A U. S. Army Deserter Gets Saved at Butte and Surrenders at Missoula.

Missoula, July 16, 1895.

To Major Friedrich, Spokane.

By the time you get this letter I will be behind the bars. I will be in prison here at the U. S. Army post, four miles from town. I know I am going to have some hard fights while I am here, but I have God with me, and my cross seems to be easy already. I feel like a new man now. I will send you my past life as soon as I get time. Give my best regards to Ensign Shea. I will have to close. Remember me in your prayers. Good-bye! HARRY NOKES.

This comrade is the fellow mentioned in a former Cry, whom Lieut. Lester said a Cry to in a dive at Butte, with his face blackened to represent a negro. He has given good evidence of conversion, and has lived a changed life for some time. God bless him! Pray for him, that he may be kept white in "durance vile."

HARVEST FESTIVAL NOTES.

TO THE PROVINCIALS—THREE PRO- VINCERS TO FIGHT ONE ANOTHER—WHO COMES OUT TOP!—MAJOR FRIEDRICH WATCHES MAJOR BENNETT—TARGET OF 11,000 FOR THE DOMINION.

BY THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY.

I hope every Salvationist read the few notes and hints which were printed in last week's Cry, and that they will also take a careful look at the notes in this issue, not forgetting those relating to Harvest Festival. The targets have been sent to each of the Provincial Secretaries, and if each Province hits its target the sum of \$14,000 will be raised, and a triumphant "hallelujah!" will rise to Heaven from the victors.

Perhaps it would be wise to give readers an idea of what the Provinces did last year, and in looking over the figures I find that they are as follows:

Western Province	\$1956.46
Eastern Province	1315.24
East Ontario	1262.92
West Ontario	1121.43
Central Ontario	927.78
Newfoundland	70.10

Total \$71,088

Seeing the hardness of the night in Newfoundland last year, and the terrible financial crisis all over the island, it seemed impossible to raise much last year, but actually if Major Morrie and the comrades did raise the magnificent sum of \$32,110, and now Major Sharp and his desperados have set their target at \$700. What a lucky crew they are! And from personal experience I believe they can do it.

Say, Major Bennett, can you raise \$2,000 this year? Major Friedrich, surely the Pacific Province should also do \$2,000! But I tell you what, I will stand by the Province all the time.

Then the Eastern comrades really ought to do \$1,600, while the West Ontario Province and the East Ontario Province should do the same. Now for the fight between Brigadier Scott, Brigadier Morris and Major Morrie. Then I should say that Major Howell's Province should do \$1,500, and why not \$1,600, and thus keep up among the big lights in Harvest Festival matters?

Of course we all remember the coronation of Brigadier Scott last year, and also have not forgotten his triumphant victory, but he will do well to remember that Major Morris has taken the Bridge of Brigadier Scott's old ship, and that he will steer for the harbor and keep up her name as a fast sailor.

As far as my foot is concerned, the old Western Province is, of course, now split into two, and it must be remembered that last year the B.C. district alone did the enormous sum of \$926.85, but to this has been added several corps the other side of the border, and I should not be surprised if Major Friedrich takes top place. At any rate, the Western Province and the Pacific Province have the same target. Last year the Western Province raised \$1,030.61, but then several corps have been opened since then, and no doubt Major Bennett, with all the new blood added of late, will go for the worst, and be and Major Friedrich will have a close run.

With these few hints and suggestions to the brave Provincial Secretaries, I finish until next week, when I will be as free to speak out a few particulars of victories and defeats in connection with the gallant district officers, and remember, ye brave Provincials, that if you reach your allotted target the magnificent sum of \$14,000 will be raised doing the Harvest Festival day.

NOTE: Brigadier Scott has decided to postpone his Harvest Festival date two weeks later. Eastern people kindly note this.



*lessed are they that do HIS Commandments, that they
- may have right to the tree of life -*

MAJOR JEWER

Braves the Ebb and Flow of the River, and goes Over to "The Great Majority."

HIS FURLOUGH EXTENDED ETERNALLY.

The Silver Cord Loosed—The Golden Bowl Broken—The Pitcher Broken at the Fountain.

From an UNSPEAKABLY PATH-ETIC, personal letter received by Mrs. Booth from Mrs. Jewer, we quote a few heart-breaking utterances:—

WEST MERIGOMISH.—With deep anguish I write.

I am left and my little ones alone, to toil on until we meet him there. We hoped for the best, or what we thought best, until the very last. The last few days he suffered extremely with nervous prostration; in all other ways he seemed as much better. The doctor said Friday evening he seemed much better, the only difficulty being he was so weak! He rested pretty well Friday night, had so much better night than night previously. In the morning there seemed no change. I then brought him his breakfast, and found him so very sleepy. He would awake whilst I gave him a spoonful, then fall asleep. He would occasionally open his eyes and recognize us for an instant, and speak a word or so in the afternoon. We saw the worst was coming, and he slept until he entered his rest. He never moved, nor was there a struggle, he just went from us as peacefully as though he lay as a child on his mother's breast. He never murmured as he lay sick. He often said he was

"So Tired."

"I am so tired," he would say, always mostly hopeful.

He said a few days ago: "There's my children to be trained for God, trained to fight," said he, "and fight in the ranks of the Salvation Army. They must FIGHT. And you must go on, GO ON! I want you to be a brave, holy woman of God."

"I have been a soldier," said he, "not the brightest, I know; but I haven't been a lazy one—I loved the fight."

I asked him another time if God did not spare him where he desired burial, Newfoundland, New Glasgow, or Toronto?

"You must let Headquarters decide," he replied.

But he never talked much, he was so tired. He felt how much more he could do if God raised him up.

Oh, dear Mrs. Booth, my heart is broken, crushed, bleeding, yet there is an eye to pity, an arm outstretched to help, but it is so hard, oh, so hard! I feel loved, you and the Commandant, you know he loved you, but you did not know the half. Your counsel and kindness no one appreciated so much as he did.

Jimmie wonders why Jesus took pain away. We wonder why, but He knoweth best.

Think for love, prayers, and help. Lovingly yours to serve,
KATIE JEWER.

A Night to the Tree of Life.

BRIGADIER SCOTT, grief-stricken, forwarded a report of the funeral, written in the train on his way from the house of sorrow. He says:—

"SUDDENLY CAME THE NEWS to us in Annapolis, while conducting camp meetings, of the promotion of the Major to the redeemed throne.

JUST ABOUT FIVE WEEKS AGO, meeting him in St. John, on his way to West Merigomish, I could not help feeling and. How changed since I last saw him! That robust look gone, yet, with all his weakness and suffering, there was

his Beautiful Spirit,

expressed in language of hope. Then we saw little Jimmie, with his flowing locks and happy face, and the lady. We had a few minutes together, and parted with him in sorrow.

"Poor Jewer!" said Mrs. Scott, as we walked home. Knowing him as we did, it was impossible to keep back the tears. Had we not lived together, fought side by side, travelled land and sea, morning, noon, and night, in the battle? Had we not seen his untiring energy, beautiful devotion, glorious self-sacrifice, and undaunted spirit, on the platform in the open air, in the prayer-meeting, listened to his earnestness, his counsel, his desire for God's Kingdom? Had we not seen his life at home, in the office, his joyful spirit, his love for the Army, his desire to do things move? Had we not been cheered by his noble life, his joy, his strength, and now, to see him weak, worn, and weary, how could we help feeling and?

"Ensign Alward and Ensign Galt, who visited him previous to his death, will give a report.

"Oh, thou glorified spirit, beautiful, untiring soul, heavenly character that thou wast, would to God we had thousands like thee! May Heaven bless thy noble life, triumphant death, to the salvation of hundreds of souls!"

—:—:—

"How Strong I Used to Be."

"Before taking to his bed he was always busy, and anxious about the war. Amidst all the pain and weakness, he would try and put a few notes together for the War Cry, notes for counsels, etc.

"Knowing how much he suffered, his dear wife suggested he should wait until he got a little stronger, and then do some writing. Yes, he would say, 'I know,' and explained how useful the notes would be for the future. Notes on counsels for officers and soldiers, etc., were jotted down, and two articles for the War Cry.

"Mrs. Jewer was given some clippings, one of which he joined in. That was the last song he sang:

"To Thy cross I come, Lord,
There for me is room, Lord.
Poor unworthy me, yes, even me;
Pardon every sin, Lord,
Pierce Thy power within, Lord,
And from this hour will follow Thee."

We all know how he delighted in the songs of Zion, and who can tell but that scores have been led to God through his sanctified voice.

"Thinking one day, he said, 'HOW STRONG I used to be!' then continuing, 'Perhaps I have brought down to see what a worthless tool I am.' No one knows but God how much he would feel this. How he would plead to get people saved, and work on till the last!

"You wait," he would say to Mr. Sutherland, "and I'll fix the house for you," assuring him that he could do a little painting and carpenter work. Always looking for the best.

"After taking to his bed he talked but little, and never murmured. 'Yes,' he said, 'you must keep all the War Cry, I shall want to see them.' He was not able to listen to the letters sent from his beloved comrades, and

desired they should be kept until he would be able to read them altogether.

"For three weeks his devoted wife was by his side, constantly ministering.

Just Three Weeks

from the time he was taken to his bed to the day of his burial. Two doctors were in attendance. His case seemed mysterious to them. Brother and Sister Sutherland, with whom the Major stayed, showed every kindness possible. His end seemed near on the Thursday. On Friday appeared a little better, and slept part of the day. On the Saturday he seemed brighter, and said he had a good night, and felt pretty well. It was, however, evident about noon that he was very near the river. Towards evening he grew weaker, and PEACEFULLY, CALMLY, and GLORIOUSLY PASSED AWAY at ten o'clock.

"Gone."

"A Christian, a Soldier, a Salvationist, GONE to the Army in Heaven, to his comrades above. GONE, to the blood-washed, the faithful, the martyrs, the prophets. GONE from us. GONE ON BEFORE!"

The funeral service held at the house was conducted by Ensign Alward, previous to the remains being brought to New Glasgow, a distance of ten miles.

Unable to be present at this service, I managed to meet the procession about five miles out of the town. How shall I describe my feelings when I saw dear Mrs. Jewer and little Jimmy! Then glancing at the lifeless frame of my warrior brother, I could do nothing but sit and weep.

"I fancied I saw him in his life, followed him in his work, marched by his side to open-air conflicts, stood shoulder to shoulder in the battle, and now I looked upon his body being carried to the grave.

"With little Jimmy on my knee, I could only sit and

Brush Away My Tears.

I wanted to say something to comfort the bereaved, but seemed so heart-broken, so unfit to render any comfort. I felt unworthy of the task allotted to me. The Christ who comforted Mary and Martha, and who comforted the widow of Nain, comforted us, and wonderfully sustained our comrade, Mrs. Jewer.

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"He Who Hath Torn Will Heal."

"AT THE BARRACKS, his motionless form was placed in front of the platform. The service was most solemn. 'My Jesus, I love Thee,' with the chorus 'Hail to Thee,' was sung for the opening. Ensign Alward and Mrs. Ensign Galt prayed that God would be an hiding-place for us, especially for the bereaved ones. After Mrs. Alward sang, 'When the chariot is lowering,' the writer referred to the loss of our beloved comrade. We have lost a brother, a warrior. He has gone home, gone to his everlasting reward.

"Mrs. Jewer was assured of the noble life and counsel of Major Jewer. I now I feel brought down to see what a worthless tool I am. No one knows but God how much he would feel this. How he would plead to get people saved, and work on till the last!

"To Thy cross I come, Lord,
There for me is room, Lord.
Poor unworthy me, yes, even me;
Pardon every sin, Lord,
Pierce Thy power within, Lord,
And from this hour will follow Thee."

Ensign Alward described his visit to the Major's bedside. Touchingly did he refer to his life and work.

Ensign McDonald, of Montreal, dwelt on the good received from the noble life and counsel of Major Jewer. He looked back to his real start in salvation warfare to the time spent with his departed brother. He had

lost a comrade, one whom he loved with his very soul.

"Brother Sutherland spoke of his patience in life and death.

"Mrs. Jewer rose to speak. In her weakness, sustained by Divine power, touchingly did she revert to her beloved husband's victorious life and triumphant entry to glory. 'I know He who hath torn will heal!'

"How sympathetically flowed out towards her! Our souls seemed thrilled with the presence of the spirit of him whose mortal frame we were singing around: How near Heaven appeared, how uncertain life, how certain death! He magnified the grace of God manifested in and through her.

"The writer read—'I have glorified Thee on earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do.'

Major Jewer did glorify God on the earth, did finish the work given him to do. After an earnest appeal to the unwaved, the backsliding, the soldiers and officers to follow in his footsteps, one sister came forward.

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The Last March, to the Drum's Dull Throb.

ENSIGNS McDONALD, COOMES, ALWARD AND ANDREWS marched at the side of their comrade. The band played, 'Hiding in Thee,' and 'Roll on, dark stream.' How those muffled beats of the drum make us think of our dead, of death and the grave. It was about four when we entered the cemetery. While we sat, we gathered at the river? The body was lowered into the grave. The band played 'Rev. xiii,' dwelling on the words 'Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me. I will be with every man according as his work shall be.' 'When the roll is called,' was sung, then Ensign Coomes reminded us of our responsibilities, our privileges, of death and life, and the hope of eternal glory.

"Ensign Andrews referred to a passage of scripture which had been running through his mind: 'Seeing that

All these Things are Dissolved, what manner of persons ought we to be, in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and urged upon all to live for God."

"Most tenderly did Mrs. Ensign Galt refer to Major Jewer. Sympathizing with Mrs. Jewer, she placed herself along with her little ones.

"Why, Major Jewer is in Heaven; I feel his image in the hands of our country with my little Jerry," and while she spoke she wept. How the Holy Ghost moved on the crowd!

"Committing his body to the earth, we sang, with hands raised to Heaven, 'I'll be true, Lord, to Thee."

"DEAR LITTLE JIMMIE could not understand why his papa should be placed in a box, and why Jesus took him away. I am sure the reason will pray for Mrs. Jewer and the children.

"Turning away from the grave, we sang, 'In the sweet by-and-by,' and 'I believe we shall win.' About ninety soldiers and officers were in line. Doubtless every officer in the East would have been present if possible.

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His Suppliant Voice from the Open Grave.

"After forming up for the night meeting, the officers, staff, and field urged upon all to decide for God.

Ensign McDonald read from Rev. xiv. 13—

"The Brigadier read the following TELEGRAM FROM THE COMMANDANT:—

"Constant in affection, faithful in service, unflinching in duty, was our beloved comrade, whose loss we mourn to-day, but his memory will inspire us, while his open grave calls for another to fill his place on the field. With heartfelt sympathy for the bereaved. COMMANDANT."

"A ringing and sympathetic voice was raised for the Commandant and Mrs. Booth.

"Two souls came out. An appeal was made for some one to fill the gap. 'Surely some one could go out of the crowd.' One man volunteered and served his fellow-soldiers in all barracks in the Maritime Provinces."

A Harvest Festival Pictorial Reminder.



The Grandmaster and the Financial Secretary in some converse discussing, arranging and agreeing to H. F. matters miscellaneous.

General Secretary's Notes

IN A GENERAL KIND OF A WAY I have noticed a few changes this past week. Others may have taken place which I have not seen. For full particulars of them see other parts of the War Cry.

I SAW Captain Byers on College street, and learned that he has just arrived to take charge of Lippincott Street. Others are coming into Toronto at other corps. Oh, for a move in Toronto, a shaking among the dry bones, anything rather than stagnation!

CAPT. HEISTER arrived a little later, and takes charge of Lager Street. Others are coming into Toronto at other corps. Oh, for a move in Toronto, a shaking among the dry bones, anything rather than stagnation!

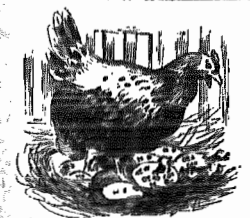
HARVEST FESTIVAL, don't forget it! "Rather dry weather this year," I fancy I hear some one saying. Yes, it has been dry; the great question is how to get sufficient rain each year. I would strongly advise that you did a little extra this year for Harvest Festival. Give it a trial and see how it works.

IT IS NO USE going about the business in a heartless way. Our gifts to the Lord must not be measured by the opinions of the people. How would it do to sit down, think, and ponder over the sufferings of Jesus in the Garden, before Pilate, and on the cross, and then say, "How much ought I to give in view of that sacrifice?"

MAJOR COLLIER has just called in. The Social Staff were at Oakville Saturday and Sunday, and report a stiff fight. Arrived in Toronto 4 a. m. Monday.

ENBION FOX has taken hold of London Shelter, and details a few difficulties, but has great faith for the future. Mrs. Fox has got initiated into the work by going out collecting.

STAFF-CAPT. McMILLAN is rushing ahead, trying to clear Joe Beef of debt. He has still some more to clear, so that you need not be afraid to send a donation.



Keeping out new ideas for the H. F. Scheme of H. F. Doubtless the "chickens" will take all over the Dominion.

HALIFAX SHELTER is doing well. They have some liabilities to meet. They are going at them in proper style. Help them all you can. The winter will soon be coming on, when the Shelter will again be crowded to the door.

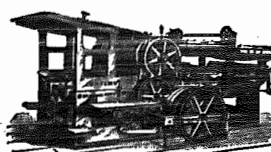
GOOD FOR VICTORIA! Major Collier makes a sterling movement. Victoria Shelter has more than doubled their beds and meals in the second month after opening.

EASTERN FIRE

BY BRIGADIER SCOTT.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—My last notes finished at Annapolis. In an hour or so shall be off to DIDDY for the week-end camp meetings. How about the War Cry, comrades? Who is going to be the Eastern champion? Who is going to head the list in street sales? Who is going to take the prize for the most successful War Cry Brigade? Expectations run high for successful work in this direction. With might and main, and a gigantic pull altogether we shall win, and achieve a glorious success.

It is going to be a tight run between FREDERICTON and HALIFAX. What does Ensign Gage say, with all that crowd of folks around him and a beautiful brass band? Will the Celestial City leave him in the dark? and what does Capt. Gamble say? True, she cannot get around on a bicycle like her predecessor, Capt. Byers, nevertheless, she is not going to let Halifax I lead the way. With those soldiers and past victories they are going to fight hard to keep the championship of the East.



Our presses were kept busy for days in printing the matter for H. F.

What about YARMOUTH and NEW GLASGOW? Ensign Dos Brisay had better look out for the leader of the New Glasgows. Already they are on the rise, and the signs of the times are all. This is going to be a keen contest. There is only ten of a difference, and Yarmouth leads the way. Women again. Now, Ensign Alward, come on, old boy, to the front, your place is there.

CHARLOTTETOWN had better look out; their neighbor, MONCTON, is hard after them. Just a few more War Cry, Ensign and Mrs. Bradley and you will be on a par with the leader of the Island. Moncton folks can do a good thing when they set their minds to it. Now we shall see who is going to win. Of course, know this will touch the dignity of the Charlottetownites, but then if they get left they can't help but feel they had plenty of warning. Still, I would not wonder but what Charlottetown will give New Glasgow a tight run yet. Don't be surprised, Alward.

Here comes WINDSOR. Sicknew has kept them back a great deal. It will be as well for CHARLOTTETOWN and other corps to be on the lookout, Windsor is not so easily beaten, and, with all the chances there are, we may expect some one to take a back seat in the circulation of the War Cry. More power to your arm, Ensign Watson, and more glory to your work.

What about SPRING HILL and CHATHAM? Who has not heard of Spring Hill, and who does not love the Army? Still, the summer time in the harvest for Chatham, and now with Capt. Johnson to help Ensign Matthews, Spring Hill had better look out. Then, again, there is our beloved

comrade whose namesake, David, accomplished a wonderful feat some time ago. Chased by that event, and encouraged by all around him, we may expect Ensign Creighton to rise and shine, and shout, and sing, and boom away with the Cry.

ST. JOHN CITY is doing well. For a city, they lead the way in the East. For an individual corps, FREDERICTON leads the way. Then what about other places? Special mention should be made of Amherst, Truro, Bear River, Westville, Annapolis, Liverpool and New Brunswick. They have most enthusiastically taken up the War Cry question, and are going ahead with their sales, booming them right along.

Other corps are coming into line. Organization and system are helping to accomplish great things with the War Cry.

Three cheers for all soldiers who spend time and strength in War Cry singing, on the streets, from door to door, stop to stop, at all times, and bless you, comrades. Congratulations to all War Cry Brigades, officers, and everyone that's booming the War Cry. Boom on, and boom for all your worth.

If the desire is only created, more War Cry will be sold. How can this be done? The following may help us:

First, get out a BILL OF CONSENTS. Who cannot use paint and brush? and with a sheet of paper some striking headings could be put out describing the contents of the War Cry. These should be posted in the most conspicuous places.

Second, to announce them well from the platform, taking time to mention the writers of various articles, the illustrations, songs, reports, etc., etc.

Third, read and REPORT FOR IT YOURSELF. Officers and soldiers can do this. A good many striking incidents would be beautiful, the War Cry, and all add to its interest.

Fourth, solicit THE CUSTOM OF WORKMATES, companions, neighbors, and friends. Some people never buy because they are never asked. How many soldiers can take three War Cry, or six, and twelve, and dispose of them each week, which would all help the circulation?

Fifth, friends and congregations will generally give a collection for War Cry to the CENTRAL HOSPITALS, GAOLS, ETC. This will be another help to us and increase the interest.

Sixth, each soldier should have their War Cry. The platform will be an encouragement to the audience, and a great lever for an officer to ask them to buy.



With joyful heart and willing hands the packages of H. F. matter are carried from the printing office to the houses for transportation to the depot from whence they will be sent east, west, north and south.

Seventh, could not some soldiers undertake to sell the War Cry in the villages around the corps, and thereby get the paper distributed all over the country? Remember, it is salvation through and through, and all for the glory of God and the good of mankind.

These notes are written rather hurriedly, but will, I trust, do good, and be an encouragement in this matter. Other thoughts and ideas will suggest themselves to officers for booming the Cry. Launch out, comrades, and make the War Cry in the East one of the greatest successes on record.

KINMOUNT CIRCLE.—We find Kinmount a very good place for open-air work. Good crowds, and they listen attentively. Norland, No. 11 Brigade.—The people love the Army, and there is the spirit of unity and Christian love. More faith and pressing prayer will bring victory here. Cobocook.—Meeting here every Monday night in open-air. The people seem glad to have the Army there, and help us with the collection. Capt. S. T. Roney and Lieut. D. Southwaite.



What wonder that the railway officials should be surprised? It is long time since he has received such a lot of stuff from Albert Street. Then, what ever can those letters, "H. F." mean? The explanation, as he rolls them in, soon explains matters, and all is well. No doubt these railway officials will help us.



PROMOTIONS—

Lieutenant Wm. Orr, Morson, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Barker, Lager St. corps, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Wilson, Parnass, to be Captain.
Lieutenant McKee, Digby, N.S., to be Captain.
Caded McLeod, Yarmouth, N.S., to be Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS—

Captain Orr to take charge of 1st Im.
Captain Barker, to take charge of 1st Wally corps.
Captain Wilson, to take charge of 1st Parnass.
Captain McKee to take charge of Kentville.
Lieutenant McLeod to assist at Halifax H.
HARRIS H. BOOTH,
Commandant.

A BIG GO-FOUR SOULS.

WIAWATON.—Had a festival on 10th. Beautiful time. Ensign Green, assisted by Capt. Harrison and McClelland, and wife, who all worked nobly, and were rewarded at close of programme by FOUR souls.—Capt. V. Creamer.

A SISTER BROUGHT IN.

TRURO.—The meetings were good all the week. Good crowds at our open-air, and the power of God felt. The officers and soldiers are in for victory. Friday night a SISTER found pardon.—Robt. H. Phinney, S. C., for Capt. E. Allen.

A SPECIAL DAY.

HALIFAX I.—We had Capt. Barker and Lieut. McLeod, of No. 11 corps, with us all day Sunday, and also Ensign McDonald, who is to take charge of the Rescue Home in this city. One soul sought salvation in the night meeting. We are having blood meetings in the open air.—Sergeant Major Caslin.

WYOMING.—Another farewell. This time Capt. Comstock, who has been here nearly five months. Last Sunday week we had an enrolment. One of the two who were sworn in had been a member of a Baptist church for some years, but after waiting the Army for some time, came to the conclusion that God wanted him to join them, and accordingly gave his name as a recruit. Look out for his conversion from Wyoming before long.—Bro. Craig, the third, for Capt. Comstock.



The H. F. matter arises at the corps but the matter is not settled. The fact is that the spirit of unity in carrying it from the door to the house is the spirit of unity. It is glad, as it gives the opportunity to the soldiers to see the assembled crowd of soldiers and friends. God will the Harvest Festival!

FROM THE GENERAL, Concerning Himself.

I want my comrades to unite with me in thanksgiving to the God of Providence and Grace for restoring me to health and vigor to so large an extent. To be only partially laid aside from the fight — for, through mercy, while incapacitated for public work, I have not, for a single day, been compelled to cease laboring with brain and pen—would be a painful ordeal to any true Salvationist, and I need not say that it has been no easy task for your General. However, I thank God for the great improvement I now realize, and for the good hope I have of being myself again in a few days. Now, my whole being cries out for power, and wisdom, and strength, to make up for lost time, and to effectually fill the programme that lies before me.

Comrades, I am sure you will pray for me.

"WHO KILLED JESUS?"

BY THE COMMANDANT.

NEXT :: WEEK !



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

*A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and sanctification of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation War in all places.
Addresses all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.*

THE GENERAL.

Thank God, our veteran leader is again at the front of the fight. Although forest by physical weakness to stay from an odd meeting occasionally, he refuses to give in, mans the bridge, and faces the fight in the most determined manner. The passion for souls apparently burns within him like the electric flame in the carbon, compelling him to sacrifice himself for his Lord and "the sheep for whom He died." Prayer on the General's behalf is especially desirable now.

—O—O—

ONLY ONE WAY TO ESCAPE.

Harry Nokes, military deserter, now a Salvationist, although behind prison bars at Missoula, is a trophy of grace and a cause for thankfulness and encouragement to those whose all has been thrown into the Army's enthusiastic effort to save men. An even more striking instance is that of Elijah Brown, who, after a career of burglary, and effecting an escape from the Kansas Penitentiary, got saved at the Seattle corps penitentiary, within a few days confessed his crimes to the editor of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, and waited re-argest.

These things prove how real is the work being done, and, as Mrs. Wilson, a Buffalo lady to whom we recently restored some stolen property, remarked, "inspire us with new confidence in the Holy Ghost that He allows no man to get away from sin except on Bible conditions."

—O—O—

A Past Which Cannot be Undone.

Thanks be unto God for the thou-

BRASS AND TIMBREL BAND, ST. JOHN, N.B.



Capt. Miller, Lieut. Ryan, Capt. Clarke, Capt. Gamble, Sergt. Mrs. Lane, Lieut. McIntyre, Capt. Campbell, Capt. Edwards, Sergt. Mrs. Jamison, Ensign Coombs, Capt. Johnstone, Capt. Carter, Lieut. Mathison, Lieut. Clarke, Lieut. McPherson.

This is a short account of each member of the band. We have held meetings at all the city corps, and God has blessed us very much; the uniform has been a great attraction.

1. CAPT. MILLER was saved in an Army meeting at Springhill Mines, nearly seven years ago; came into the field as an officer five years ago; has been stationed as Cadet at St. Andrew's, Lieutenant at Digby, Lawrence, Bridgetown, Waterville, Halifax III, Carleton, St. John I, Hillsboro, Captain at St. Stephen, Charlottetown, Sackville, Sussex, and St. John III, where God is giving him victory.

2. LIEUT. RYAN was saved at her home in Annapolis five years ago, anointed in an Army meeting, fought as a soldier until six months ago, entered the Yarmouth T. G., then came as Lieutenant to Carleton.

3. CAPT. CLARKE was saved in an Army meeting in Bonaville, Nfld., over eight years ago. Has spent four years fighting as an officer, and today loves the S. A. war, and delights to work for souls.

4. CAPT. GAMBLE is an old warrior. Was saved eight years ago in the S. A., Summerside, P. E. I. Has spent seven years as an officer, and now takes Fredericton. God has

blessed the work, and the Captain is determined for victory.

5. SERGT. MRS. LANE—Saved at St. John I. about nine years ago, has fought for God in the Army ever since. Many hearts have been cheered and blessed by her solos.

6. LIEUT. MCINTYRE was saved in Stellarton, at the Army penitentiary seventeen months ago. After fighting as a soldier for a short time, he entered the T. G., and from there he came Lieutenant to St. John I. The Lieutenant has spent seven years and a-half of his life down in the coal mines.

7. CAPT. CAMPBELL is another old warrior. Was one of the first converts at St. John I, Nfld. Has spent seven years working for souls, and God has given her success. The Captain is full of fight still.

8. CAPT. EDWARDS, gave his heart and life to God in an Army meeting seven years ago. Has spent six years as an officer. Is now cashier at St. John.

9. SERGT. MRS. JAMISON, saved in the S. A., Westville, N.S., six years ago, has fought as a soldier, and for a short time as an officer. She is now a local officer at St. John V.

10. ENSIGN COOMBS was saved in an Army meeting 11 years ago at Bradford, Ont., fought as a soldier

nearly two years, then came into the field. Now in charge of St. John, N. B. District.

11.—CAPT. JOHNSTONE. Who is there in the East that does not know the Captain? She was saved at Halifax I. ten years ago, one of the first converts, and has spent eight years as an officer. She is now at Chatham, N.B.

12. CAPT. CARTER was saved nearly six years ago at Holloway II, London, England. Went through the T. G. Came to Canada with the new Canadians, and came to St. John with Ensign Coombs, where he is fighting to-day as a true soldier for Jesus.

13. LIEUT. MATHISON, five years ago built at the cross, fought as a soldier until six months ago, then entered the T. G. Came to St. John II. with Capt. Clarke.

14. LIEUT. CLARKE, saved at Carleton, Nfld., four years ago. Has fought as an officer in the following places: St. John II, Harb's Harbor, Seal Cove, Stellarton, N.S., Fairville, and now goes to North Head.

15. LIEUT. MCPHERSON was saved at Stellarton, N.S., two years ago. Went through the Fredericton T. G. as Cadet, promoted Lieutenant, and sent to St. John III. with Capt. Miller.

ONE OF THE BAND.

sands who are dragged from the maelstrom of iniquity after this fashion every year through the Army's instrumentality, but—there is another aspect to this subject. Sin is re-creative, and, though the likes of the men referred to above be reached and saved, there are the pestilential influences of their past life projected in ever-widening cycles, perpetuating their moral miasma through the receptive characters of the young of our country, for let it not be forgotten by every person who cares for "God, and Home, and Native Land," that running hither and thither amongst the boys and girls of to-day are those who a few years hence will fill the newspapers with the ghastly details of their crimes and occupy the murderers' cells in our prisons.

In view of this unpleasant fact in the social life of the nation, it is evidently a first duty of every Chris-

tian, of every patriot, indeed, of every person who has any conception of the responsibilities of life, to seek by all means the regeneration and proper training of the children.

—O—O—

The Junior War.

Now what are we, officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army, doing on the preventive side of this war? We who admit that we are contaminated by the influence of the mission of Heaven to evangelize the poor and drag the depths of every earthly hell for perishing men, what are we doing to stop the populating of those very places which now call to us for help? We admit that much is being done, that the influence of our STREET CORNER WORK on the children is vaster than is usually realized, but what are we doing towards saving and making into Salvation Army warriors—saviors of others—the children of to-day? When the Army seriously sets to work it can do it; the children's work in Britain, with a "Young Soldier"

weekly circulation of over a hundred thousand, is proof of this. Have we in Canada set to work seriously to save and train the children? Comrades, there ought to be a rally here. What is that you say? "There SHALL be!" We say, "Amen!" Salvation for the children! "And Jesus took them up in His arms, laid His hands upon them, and blessed them." Let us lay our hands upon them, and bless them by bringing them to Jesus.

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HONOR ROLL. Unavoidably dropped. Great regrets and many apologies from Editor. Re-commence next week.

—O—O—

"The Ram's Horn," which will describe its name, has in its issue for July 27 a capital cut of Commander Bellingham Booth, and a very appreciative, though brief, sketch of him. The Commander also contributes to that paper a stirring article on the Salvation Army, under the very proper heading, "A Modern Miracle." The article occupies nearly two pages of the Ram's Horn.



TERRESTRIAL COMMENTS.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

Faithful, Therefore Trusted.

Major Jewer, the beloved of all who knew him, the trusted of all who confided in him, has gone to the Better Land, and "all we meet" we must wait for his cheery smile and the continuation of his greatly prized fellowship. Much as we are tempted to lament our own loss in the departure of a comrade and officer, who was among the number who could least of all be spared, our thoughts travel to the widowed one, whose loss is immeasurably great and sad. When we remember dear Mrs. Jewer and her fatherless little ones, we reflect with Lowell, that, and as is the Scripture when it tells of the one that is "taken," it is sadder still in its reference to the other that is "left." To our dear sister comrade, so recently introduced to the love and consolation of a faithful husband, no word is so significant just now as that word "left." It is for us to do all that in us lies to rob it of its sting and to bring to the lonely heart what nourishment the lack of human kindness can afford. Among all objects for our prayer and all candidates for our sympathy, Mrs. Jewer stands foremost in this dark moment; these prayers shall go to God on her behalf, and that sympathy shall, without doubt, be accorded. And what shall I say of dear, faithful Jewer? Better tribute I could not pay him than by the prefix of the word I have just now placed before his name. Chief among all characteristics of our amiable comrade was his fidelity. He was Jewer the Faithful, and because of that he was Jewer the Trusted. Now he is gone beyond the sound of human voice, and beyond the marring of human infirmities, we can say of him what we will, what his conduct deserves, and our heart's desire. For eight and a half years he was an officer, and during that time he has never, so far as I have heard or experienced, caused his leaders an anxious thought. Through all the Army's darkest days—days of sore trial and strange misgiving—Jewer always stood clear for the organization he loved and the shepherds he delighted to trust. Next to his fidelity was his cheerfulness. He always had the faculty of looking on the bright side of everything, and in consequence imparted a cheery influence wherever he went. Few men stood at the threshold of a quicker or surer road to influence and usefulness than he, and yet, notwithstanding it all, he is gone!

It seems impossible, but it is nevertheless true, that one more evidence of the truth which declares that it is in such an hour "as ye think not,"

Two Top Men to Write.

This is the last issue of these notes which will serve as a record of territorial notes, pure and simple. Hitherto they have largely served the purpose of recording events of interest in the field of the Dominion and Northwestern America. That was all very well while the Headquarters of the foremost territory was largely located under my hat, and its departments of work chiefly deposited within the limits of my travelling trunk. Now things are changed. The demands for that extreme and rigid economy have been somewhat less stringent, and the necessity and presence of a chief and general secretary at the centre renders it less possible on the one hand for me to keep track of the immediate occurrences of the

campaign, and on the other, the more desirable that the field should be benefited by the literary capacities of my worthy, right-hand men. Hence the resurrection of the Chief Secretary's Notes, and the issue of a General Secretary's Column. There is little question that both Colonel Holland and Brigadier Jacobs will be read with profit in print, just as they are regarded with interest in person.

And Terrestrial.

As for Territorial Topics, they will continue as opportunity affords, but while serving occasionally for the unimportance of more important matters, will chiefly concern themselves with general comments on the war and all that pertains to it. The actual progress, the proffered opportunities, the palpable neglects of the battle field, will furnish the text upon which this column will in future endeavor to hold forth. And more! It will be observed that the word "Terrestrial" has been added to the word "Territorial." By this it is intended to convey that a wider range of subjects is to be introduced, and that the world at large is to provide the writer with themes for encouragement, for council, and for caution. The difficulties and discouragements of one territory are often met by the triumphs of another.

Harvest Festival.

The Harvest Festival is the question of the moment demanding the attention and renewed effort of every officer and soldier under the flag. For myself, I have little fear as to the result. Never was there a more beautiful, more loyal, and more united spirit among us, and there is certain to be a pull together, long, strong, and triumphant. Next week I hope to speak of the Provincial Targets and refer to last year's accomplishments.

The Social Sack.

Here, however, I must refer to the newest addition in the shape of the Social Sack. Now our Farm Colony is well along, and giving such promise of success, it is certainly that the farmers of Canada will be glad to show their interest in it in some practical way. To afford such opportunity, and to help us with our struggle to save and uplift the poor of Canada, by transferring them ultimately from her cities to land of their own, we propose to endeavor to in-

augurate a new order of farmers, to be called "The First Fruit Farmers." Such will be pledged to set apart a small portion of their first-fruits each year to feed Lazarus, or help the system that lifts him out of his dilemma. As a reminder we shall distribute among them neatly designed little sacks, called the "Social Sack." These will be made to contain one bushel of grain, and the farmer will be urged to fill them with any kind he finds suitable, wheat, oats, peas, and corn being preferred. The sacks will be gathered and exhibited at the barracks, after which the Commandant will purchase them from the Captain for the form, thus relieving the couple with their value to the Harvest Festival returns. Now, comrades of all ranks, here is, I feel sure, a splendid scheme; will you take it up and push it with all your manly vigor?

Chief Secretary's NOTES.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY has been called upon to take part in the resurrection—not the resurrection of the saints—but of the Chief Secretary's Notes. He therefore makes his little bow and presents his commitments to War Cry readers throughout the Dominion. They occupy a warm place in his heart. To them he feels like saying, with the Irishman: "May you live to eat the chicken that scratches the top of your grave." Enough, however, of the introduction.

—X—

TWO THINGS are uppermost in our minds just now:

1. The Commandant's departure, and
2. The Harvest Festival.

There is always a "vacant chair" feeling in our hearts when the Commandant is away. We should be much better pleased if he could be with us always. That, however, is impossible. A thousand duties call him to every part of the country. Thank God, there is none of the ease-loving Christian about him. He is ever willing to sacrifice his own feelings in the interest of the work. One thing consoles us: he has left Mrs. Booth behind. Her counsel and help can always be relied on.

—X—

AS FOR THE HARVEST FESTIVAL, our brains are full of it. Major Read's department is an hive of industry. Letters of instruction, appeals, dodgers, and social sacks abound everywhere. The Provincial Secretaries, too, are no less active. From all accounts the effort this year is to be

A Record-Breaker.

Each one has determined to outstrip his neighbor. Who will come out on top as yet remains to be seen. Brigadier Scott carried off the prize last year, and won the three-eyed peacock's feather. Rumor hath it that he is after it again. Will he secure it? We shall see. Meanwhile, get ready for some surprises.

—X—

AMONG OTHER THINGS upon which the Commandant has set his heart is the development to the fullest extent of our possibilities in the States of Montana and North Dakota. As yet we have only five corps in these vast and flourishing territories.

Then there are the unopened towns of the Canadian Northwest and British Columbia. Our Western Provincials are each anxious to distinguish themselves by extending the operations of the Army of Blood and Fire, and our officers are endeavoring for reinforcements in the shape of capable officers, to enable them to do it. In answer to their urgent appeals, the Commandant has decided on a number of transfers from Ontario, and among the officers decided upon are Ensign X— and Capt. Y—; others are to follow "as ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not," etc.

—X—

NOW, THE DECISION to draw officers from already over-pressed Ontario has caused a fluttering of feathers among the Provincial Secretaries: not one of them, of course, has a single individual to spare, and on female officers there is a special premium. Is it any wonder? If wonder there is, it should be that the Army is able to stand the many demands on its resources. Female officers, not only by the intermarrying of officers, but by the ever-widening circle of usefulness which the Army is opening up in its social and other work—all this makes it exceedingly difficult for the Commander-in-Chief to keep the supply equal to the demand; indeed, this is not done, for the demand is ever increasing. Happily, our Macedonian cry for assistance has reached the ears of the Foreign Secretary, who, with warm regard for the Canadian portion of the universe, has generously offered the assistance of him, a dozen female officers from England. Needless to say, the Commandant accepted the offer, and an electric despatch announces the fact that the party will sail for Canada during the present month. We predict for them a hearty Canadian welcome, and a bright and successful career. Three cheers for the Hallelujah Lassies!

—X—

MAJOR STREETON, who is visiting the Old Country, calls for Canada on the 27th instant. Mrs. Streeton has had rather an anxious time with the children during his absence.

—X—

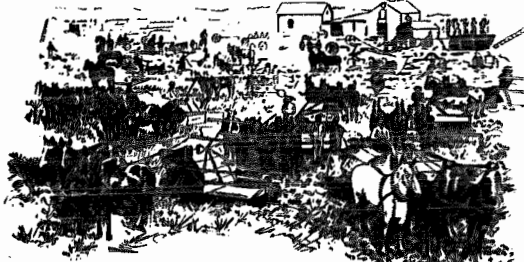
MISFORTUNE has overtaken poor Captain McGill, one of the best known field officers in the Northwest. A few days ago he received the sad intelligence of his father's death through being forced to death by his own bull. Our sincere sympathies are with the Captain, who must return home to garner the season's crops.



SEMGT-MAJOR and MRS. SMITH, Of Warville, who held the fort in that place for two years without officers. Fire a volley.

The lassies' Brass Band.

BERLIN.—We have just had a splendid week-end. The Lassies' Brass Band was with us. On Saturday night, as the band marched to the open-air, the crowds on the streets seemed to be amazed, and looked as though they had never seen it on that fashion before. A great crowd gathered at the open-air, the inside meeting was grand. Sunday meetings splendid, good crowd. Lassies played well, everybody seemed delighted with the music. At night two precious souls at the Saviour's feet. All glory be to the King of Kings—Captain W. Orchard.



An early morning start on a Manitoba farm—Now for the H.F.

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountains and the flood."



SCOTCH BOB, MODERN PRODIGAL.

A Serial Story.

CHAPTER IV.

"The younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country."

WITH MY HEAD ON HIS SHOULDER, I told my father that time "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." I told him I DID mean to do better, and be a noller lad. The old man was weeping; too, long before I got through, and he knelt and prayed for and with me.

After that he let me out, and I begged to go back to college, but he would not hear of it, said the

Force of Companionship

was too much for me. I worked in the art school a little while, to put in my time, till one day he called me into his office, and turning his chair round on the pivot, he pouted a moment, and then asked, solemnly and sadly:

"Bob, what am I going to do with you?"

"Father, I don't know," I replied. Then he went on to tell me that the rest of the family did not believe in my repentance, although just then I was doing as well as I knew how. He told me some advice him to turn me out, but he didn't want to do that—he would like to give me another chance, but it was no good for me to remain at home, just putting in my time. He said he had been pleading with God on my behalf, and he felt sure He would help me. One of my brothers was out in Canada, so he had decided to give me another chance, and sent me out.

SO I LEFT MY HOME IN BONNIE SCOTLAND and sailed for Canada. Father bought me my outfit, and with a few pounds in my pocket I said good-bye, with many promises to my father, when he kissed me affectionately as I left the station.

(But, oh, he was changed when I saw him once more!)

Only Nineteen, and an Outcast

from home, I felt myself, as I leaned back in my seat in the train, and pulled down the blind.

On the steamer I acted the very Prince of goodness, kept away from bad company, and reproved anyone I heard swearing. Afterwards, out in

the West, I could scarcely speak a sentence without swearing. God forgotten, and my poor, old father's counsel forsaken.

I went straight to CALGARY. We were snowed up two days on the way, snowed up on the North Shore. In Alberta I found my brother, found he had learnt to swear like the rest. God was not taken into account there. All thoughts of Him shrink out of my life. As the name of God was struck out of the statute books of France, so it was left out of all reckoning on our ranch, except when it was taken in vain.

Within six months of my arrival I had the hardest name of any one in that part for swearing. I became so foul-mouthed, and I scarcely wrote home at all to my father, in spite of my promises.

That was in 1887. There I lived ON THE ROLLING PRAIRIE, amidst the poplar blocks, and the swampy lakes, and thousands of cattle.



"I WINTERED WITH THE INDIANS."

The first job I was set to was making tea and cooking for the rest—of course there was no woman on the ranch.

My brother kept a stopping-place on the prairie. There the stage-drivers would call, going up and coming down, between Calgary and Edmonton, stabling the horses, and paying fifty cents for every meal. We made money there. All supplies and people came past our place, every living soul of them. Thirty or forty carts would come along—two-wheeled carts, with half-breeds, or Indians. They pitched their tents and rolled themselves into their blankets. In the distance there we could see the snow-capped Rockies.

I remember how the incessant Croaking of the Frogs

impressed me on the prairies first, especially in the evenings, whilst I stayed at home to keep house, cooking, milking the cows, setting the milk to skim, putting up meals for the travellers, bacon and beans—Boston style—baking the bread, or rounding in the cattle. My brother had twenty or thirty head, and five or six milch cows.

Then I rode the cayuse, or Indian pony, leaping on its back without a saddle, and no hat, and tearing off across the prairie, over the beautiful green grass and the wild flowers.

And the coyotes, as they called the prairie wolves, lots of them—how they howl! What a change, from my father's silver and wedgedown, to those tin plates and iron spoons. But

I got properly broken in. I didn't care. I freed a lynx once, saw it up in the forks of two trees, wondered what it was, and climbed up after it. When I got near, however, and saw the size of it, and heard it spit and growl, I began to wish I'd left it alone. I killed it, however, and took it home—much to my brother's surprise.

After a while I FELL OUT WITH CHARLIE, and went off to another man, a Frenchman, and hired with him at a trading-post on the Red Deer River. A trading-post generally consists of a few settlers' houses, and a store where they kept beads, calico, knives, powder and shot, blankets, rifles, etc., to trade off with the Indians for furs, etc.

I hired with that French Canadian to work. He was boarding some of the Mounted Police. I stayed two months with him, till a couple of Indians came along to trade furs. I had

Read Fenimore Cooper's Novels,

and got quite an interesting idea of the noble red man; I had picked up quite a few words of the Cree language, too.

So I addressed them politely:—"Tansi keelanaatetahoon anooch ka klesing?" (How are you to-day?)

But all the fellow was to stare at me! At last, however, by the help of a half-breed interpreter, I gave them to understand I should like to accompany them back to their settlement. They agreed, on condition I provided my own provisions, and found my way back. But they pointed to the sky, that was quite clear but for a few clouds, then, with signs and gestures to the effect that there would be snow before night.

So, we put on every bit of clothing we could muster—no undressing to go to bed, thank you, in an Indian camp! I went hunting and shooting prairie chickens in the day, and at night I would lie and rub my toes, with the cold, and pray for the morning.

I had put all my supplies of food in the general pile at first, and that seemed to win their confidence, and after that we shared alike, whether we had much or whether we had little.

There in those dismal days

I Lost all Count of Time.

I do not think of God a great deal. I got no books, no letters, nothing shut off from all communication, I used to lie and cry, and cry, thinking of home and father.

One day those Indians called the sacred day, Arerey Kasegey, but the only sign of religion I saw amongst them was when the half-breed would take a handful of meal and throw it up into the air to the Great Spirit, Keeshee Manitou. But they were terribly superstitious about ghosts. The aurora borealis they call Zemititook cheepie, "THE DANCING SPIRIT." They think it is caused by the re-appearance of their departed friends there, dancing in the sky.

March they call the "CLACK-STICK MONTH," because the cold makes the branches crack and crackle. April is the "FROG-MONTH," because the frogs begin to sing. (Well, I glad to hear them!)

(To be continued.)

Encamped Near Griffiths' Corners.

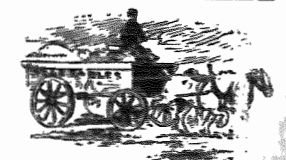
AN ARMY CAMP MEETING was held in a grove near Griffiths' Corners, in Adams County, Washington.

About twenty soldiers from Voorhees outpost were in attendance, under the leadership of Sergeant A. Bradley. Soldiers were also present from other places, and all went to work with a will for the salvation of souls.

It was very hard, however, to reach the people, there had been so many quarrels and disputes over religious matters that outsiders became disgusted, while some professors had even gone back to the "beggarly elements of this world." The meeting lasted over Sunday. Two souls were saved, and six sought the blessing of sanctification, and were satisfied. Ensign Shea, of Spokane, was present and informed the outpost people that an officer would be sent there as soon as one could be found. The Ensign made a good many friends while here, and a collection was taken up to pay his expenses. We consider the meeting a grand success. J.S.S.

ST. JOHN III.—This is our special month of soul-saving. God has honored us with TWO SOULS, who sought salvation. On Thursday night we had a united meeting. L. A. L. B. A. B. G. Band to the front, also the welcome meeting of our G. B. M. Captain and Mrs. Fugh. God bless them in their union.—J. S. McPherson, Deut.

MONCTON, N. B.—SEVEN SOULS last week, six at the meetings, one while enroute. Two of these souls especially need our prayers and sympathy. They were respectively the mother and wife of a poor man who was drowned last Monday morning, and who, we fear, met his God in an unexpected state. God is saving souls in the district. The soldiers of N. B. have been in camp at Sussex, and SEVEN SOULS have been sent away with glad hearts over sins forgiven. Capt. Hodge is having souls, too. I had the pleasure of enrolling three of them last Thursday night.—Eugene Bradley.



SUPPLIES FOR THE HARVEST FESTIVAL.



"I MUST HAVE LOOKED A WILD AND WOOLLY SPECIMEN OF THE WEST."

Our Perplexed Column.

I would like your advice on my case. I am a soldier of Parraboro' corps. I work as clerk in a boot and shoe store, having very little chance of getting any exercise while keeping the books and waiting upon customers. As I have been advised by doctors to take plenty of exercise, I have joined a gymnasium for the sole purpose of physical exercise and development. I let it in no way interfere with my meetings, and take no part in public exhibitions. Since joining, I feel better than I have for some time, and feel that it is very beneficial to me, but as two of my comrades object to my going to the gymnasium on the ground that it is mixing up with the ungodly too much, I thought I would ask your advice. Our officers, comrades (excepting these two), and D. O.'s have heard of my case, and think I have taken a good course. I myself feel not the slightest condemnation, else would at once give it up.

ALBERT.—Your position as a Salvation Army Soldier commits you to a life fully consecrated to Christ, which life should be exhibited to the world in continued endeavor to uplift your fellowmen. With this aim in view, you will probably see that it is not expedient to put in your time opportunities of a soldier furnish you with all the exercise you need. Then there are the poor to whom you are specially sent. Are there no poor, old widows whose gardens you could till, and so procure them supplies for winter? There are many plans which will doubtless present themselves to your mind by which you can not only get the requisite bodily exercise without harm, but can do direct good to the poor at the same time. Will you think of better ones, (1) try an early morning walk in the fields for prayer and communion. Take a big type testament to read and pray over. (2) Storm the unknowns and public resorts with War Crys.

USEFUL INFORMATION
FOR
OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.

Domestic Tit-Bits.

What should I do when my dress or coat gets marked or stained? Pour boiling water over some lamp ammonia (not kerosene), and put half a little liquid ammonia, and put half a teaspoonful to a tea-cupful of water, and sponge or rub the stains. This is also good for removing the shine from clothing.

If I am caught in the rain, how should I save my bonnet from spoiling?

Directly you get in, slip a piece of clean paper under the band, to keep the blue from running into the red. Then stand the bonnet on a table flat on the crown, and allow it to dry. The strings and spread them to dry.

If the bonnet is soaked and dripping, take the band right off and pin it full stretch out on a wall or table, so that it may dry smooth.

If you want to clean your smock, take the smock off and rub well with coal oil; then iron, and leave in the air to remove smell. Paint the straw with Brunswick black, diluted with turpentine, or with satin polish. A little gum and ink will also freshen up straw for a time.

Never wet your silk or strings before ironing. It spoils them. If your cap looks faded, sponge with ammonia and water, in proportions as mentioned above. Have a new band occasionally.

Hat or bonnet bands can be cleaned by sponging and rubbing with benzine.

THE VERY, VERY LATEST.

Major Read writes:—

"July 24, 1895.

"Dear Editor:—You and she give us a darling, strong, little, Jamie babe. Is not the Lord GOOD?"

"P.S.—Mrs. Read doing fairly well."



LONDON.—We are still in CLEVELAND, having good times. We are spending this Saturday night at No. 11. Corps. This is the corps of the city, under command of Captains Kenyon and Tanner, two of the oldest and best officers of the British.

We held a grand open-air, assisted by No. 11. Brass Band, indeed a credit to the city. Inside we had a full house, which means about four hundred people. The meeting was one long to be remembered. Capt. Kenyon asked for a collection, and placed her target at \$10, which in seven minutes was accomplished.

Sunday morning, BRIGADIER COUSINS, the Ohio staff, and the Naval Brigade. Held a grand hallina convention, and we left this meeting.

Like Giants Refreshed.

In the afternoon we met at NO. IV, some miles to the west, and held grand open-air and inside meetings. At night again, STREETS BLOCKED and traffic stopped. Here and there we can hear them asking, "Who are they? Where are they from? What does it mean?" And to all this we can say, "They are the Salvation Marines," the wonders of the day. After a good march we reached the hall. Every seat was taken up, and the crowd stood on the sidewalk until the police had to clear the people away.

On, for larger halls and more time. From the commencement of this meeting there was a power that is not of man, a stillness. Oh, for more of

That Stillness of God!

At the close of this meeting we had the joy of seeing sinners weep their way to Calvary. Nine precious souls brought to the kingdom.

One of these, a bright young man, emptied his pockets of THE TRASH OF SIN. Out came the tobacco and cigars, and to cap it all, a quart bottle of whiskey. This is one only of the sights of its sort. But I can assure you we have seen

'Who Goes There?'

SPARKS FOR SPOKANE.

A hallooing printer, with a box of envelopes for the new Headquarters. God bless him. He only charged us four bits for the lot.

John Chinaman, with two baskets of vegetables on a pole over his shoulder, to sell us something fresh, and nice—very cheap.

Capt. Ramsdell and Lieut. Ziebart, with their weekly reports, who say they had a good time on the Fourth. Ice cream and glory, and a good crowd.

U. S. mail man next, with new War Cry and letter from Great Falls, from the Captain, who says someone broke into their quarters while they were away to council at Helena and stole all their money. God save the man who would be so vile as to steal God's holy money. What will he have to say at the judgment bar of God?

W. U. Telegraph boy with a telegram. I won't say what it was, but I wouldn't be writing this if I hadn't seen him.

A man with a wagon load of fur-

many, many of these sights since we let dear, old Toronto.

We were to leave on Monday, but, owing to the Adjutant being somewhat under the weather, and the clouds in the distance, although small, having the appearance of a great storm, it was thought wisest to stay another day in Cleveland.

This gave the boys a rest, and on Tuesday morning we left for BLENHEIM. Here we spent one night. Next morning bright and early we were off again for ASHTABULA.

Here there appeared to have been some mistake. We were announced for the 19th, 20th, 21st, and arrived on the 17th. Even with all this, we had grand meetings, big crowds, outside and in, and all went with a swing.

We left Ashtabula for a week in Canada. We arrived in ST. THOMAS. Here we were blessed with

A Heavy Downpour

of rain. We are now in LONDON, and pray that our stay here will be one of great blessing to all.

J. V. AMIES, S. C.

Lines written and presented with a bouquet of June flowers to the officers and crew of the S. A. yacht, in Goderich Harbor, 16th June, 1895:—

Thy yacht is welcome to Huron's pride—
Goderich, on proud Lake Huron's side;
With banner unfurled to wave o'er men,

That those in sin may be born again
Of the Spirit that strengthens the good
With true faith in God's heavenly food,

The Gospel—that with undying light
Turns to early dawn the darkest night!
Make thy anchor safe in every port,
To draw men's souls to the Saviour's court.

ELOISE A. SKINNINGS.
Composer of "National" March.

niture, etc., called one day. And now our quarters looks like a quarters. Two good desks, letter press (not that patent one whose cut was in last week's Cry), tables, chairs, etc., etc., and a cart for Otto.

That's enough figures. But the postman came again, and brought more papers and letters, with P. O. orders and drafts on San Francisco, and New York, and Spokane, to pay for their War Crys and goods.

A reckless man got in a kind of a barrel and shot down a lake, and on the fourth of July, to amuse a lot of pleasure seekers, when the barrel jumped from the sluice and almost killed the poor man.

(Make a picture of a sluice going down hill into a lake, and barrel jumped off into the air.)

(Haven't time, Ensign, leave it to "fertile imaginations."—Ed.)

F. E. S.

A WIRE CREATES A SENSATION.

INGERSOLL.—Hustle, hustle, and change has for some time been the order of things, and now, to crown all, comes a "wire" from the Commandant for our beloved officers, Ensign and Mrs. Fraser, to farewell on Sunday. However, like the brave, unselfish warrior, they have proved themselves to be, off they go to their new command, Peterboro', smiling cheerily. Their stay in Ingersoll has been one of arduous toil. They carry with them the respect and best wishes of every class of the community.—Minnie Kennedy.

Field Officers' Column.

ENSIGN GALT

—OR—

"Visiting."

The Editor has asked for a few lines on the subject of visiting.

Being naturally of a shy temperament, I am afraid I have not always been so aggressive on this line as I ought to have been; but still I have endeavored to do my very best in my different stations. I may possibly be able to give a hint or two that will help some comrade entering upon the battlefield.

Have Love.

I think that one of the most important things in visiting is to make the people feel that you really love them and sympathize with them. This is absolutely necessary to success. If we are received and cold in manner, we will chill those we long to bless.

Tact.

That, too, is almost indispensable, and, as I have been told before, coming into Army warfare, that I was lacking in this characteristic, have prayed for it, and would advise any comrade to do the same. We must always remember that we can deal with everyone alike, and this discernment, and also much, really wisdom.

Go Quickly.

I think we should immediately hasten up anyone who seems down-hearted or discouraged; a word there will do the most good. Go, and visit, perhaps, at another time. If any comrade you hear is a little wrong over anything, go to them at once, even if it is late and one feels tired. It is best to go, and sometimes dangerous to wait till the next day, as the devil may get a tremendous advantage, even in a few hours.

Be Straight.

Always let us be straight in dealing with people, but oh, let us deal in love. When we look at ourselves, I think we are more apt to have patience with and compassion for others. It is easy to wound and break hearts, but sometimes desperately hard to bind them up; easy to push a discouraged soul to the wall, but hard to lift him up again.

Be Brief.

Don't stay too long, because we lessen our influence, and sometimes do as much harm as good in this way. Besides, time is wasted, and we have no business to waste, either our own or other people's. Personally, I feel that visiting is one of the most important features of our work. There is nothing that can take the place of personal dealing—nothing. Being alive to the fact that I am not as successful a visitor as some others are, I felt a little bit like shifting the responsibility of writing on the subject upon somebody else's shoulders. But, yes, dear Sir, God has greatly blessed me in this, as in other ways, and I attribute a great part of the victory He has given me to endeavoring to be faithful in visiting, as well as in the meetings and business portion of the work. That aid will help us more than ever to redeem the time, and to live to bless others. Prays yours in His service,

E. GALT, Ensign.

A HOST OF VISITORS.

NEWCASTLE.—Our congregations are larger. On Wednesday we had with us Brother Tucker, and on Saturday Brother Storrie. Numbers all around will be well acquainted with these brothers. On Sunday we had that wonderful Captain Byers, who is to remain here. That aid given following the advice sometimes given to the work. That aid given. He was converted at the corps, and was a soldier for some time, and as a consequence many were glad to see him. We also had with us Captain L. Lander. There again, that aid given. On Sunday we had, and best wishes of Frederick—Carrie Reeves, L. L. L. B.

